

THE REGISTER



MARCH 1911

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXX., NO. 6

MARCH, 1911

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TERMS: Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

THE FOUR SEAS PRESS: SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE UNKNOWN'S APPEAL

IT was one of those hot, sultry days, common on the northern coast of Africa. Peace between Rome and Carthage was impossible. For hours the best orators in all the Carthaginian Empire had been haranguing the people. As a famous orator ceased speaking, a man stepped from the crowd and walked slowly toward the raised platform from which the orators had been speaking. He was unknown to the people, but his

bearing was that of a man of noble birth. As he reached the steps leading up to the platform, the sun was hidden by great banks of clouds, but when he reached the top and looked over the throngs beneath him, these cloud-banks were rent apart and the sun poured forth in a golden stream, its yellow rays falling full upon the figure of the unknown. Instantly the silence was broken. "An omen! An omen! Behold the omen of the gods!" The unknown raised his hand and the

multitude was silent. Stretching forth his arms, upon one of which a plain gold band glittered in the sunlight, he began in a rich, clear voice: "My countrymen—nay, my brothers, I pray you, give heed unto me. As ye know, war with Rome is inevitable. Will ye allow this usurper to wrest from you the supremacy which ye have gained by long wars, by great suffering, and by enormous loss of life? The gods forbid! Will ye calmly surrender the fair provinces which ye have acquired? Will ye see your wives and children carried into slavery? Will ye allow Rome to conquer your allies, seize the rich mines, devastate the fertile fields, and depopulate the great cities of Sicilia, all of which are rightly yours? Will ye stand by and see the hated Roman eagles float in triumph o'er Syracuse, o'er Panormus, o'er Motus, o'er Agrigentum? Shame on you, if ye do not rise and strike a blow that shall crumble the walls of Rome herself!"

As he paused, the multitude cried out with one accord, "Death to the Roman usurper! Long live Carthage

and the Council of the Five Hundred! Death to the enemies of the gods, even to the enemies of Astrate and Baal!"

The unknown again raised his hand, and the multitude was instantly silent. Then, raising his head, his eyes blazing with a prophetic fire and his arms distended, he cried out, "I see a man rise from the Carthaginian host who tramples in the dust the Roman eagles; but, I warn you, give him full sway, for his will is the will of the gods, and they that hamper him, hamper the immortals themselves. And woe unto them that strike against Astrate and Baal, for their way is terrible, and their vengeance is swift and sure."

The people rushed forward as he ceased to speak, but he was gone. No one knew where or how, but he had disappeared. Some said he was a messenger sent by the gods. As to his prophecy, all now know how true it was and how, not supporting the great Hannibal, Carthage fell before the blows of her who in after years became the mistress of the world.

F. H. A., '14.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE Washington is a commanding figure in history. He was eminently successful as a planter, soldier, general statesman, citizen, and man. He is foremost among the founders of this American Republic.

Let us examine his character. The ancestors of George Washington, English Knights, had always served their King, Church, and State, with steadfastness and honor. They had valiant-

ly fought for Charles Stuart, and soon after his death, came to Virginia, where they purchased large estates, and lived as country gentlemen. George Washington's mother was a beautiful woman, from whom he inherited a high temper, and a spirit of command. She was thoroughly imbued with the principle of justice. And yet, George Washington was not born great. He passed through a long and arduous period of education, of train-

ing which might have broken down a less firm character. But, gaining strength from the conquest of each difficulty for the accomplishment of a yet greater task, he rose, step by step, to the most exalted place in America. His character was a matter of growth. He always did the next thing to which duty called him, and did it well, no matter what it was.

In the prime of his life, Washington was called to the great responsibility of leading the Revolutionary forces. Only a man of extraordinary patience and ability could have welded those forces into an effective army. Washington had learned the value of patience. He won the Revolution by his consummate ability in skirmishing. Rarely did he hazard a brilliant blow, but when he did, the outcome was carefully foreseen. After the war, he displayed the same qualities in the nation's councils. He was ever the peacemaker. Identified with no faction, he was the man who had the confidence of everyone. The entire nation believed in the patient care, impartial judgment, and unerring foresight of Washington. Probably no other man could have kept the states together.

If he had wished, he could have had a crown. But he was not ambitious for that. He never sought high position. He was not eager for renown. He would have preferred to have lived and died on his own plantation. Mount Vernon was always most dear to him. He never allowed the vast weight of responsibility and care imposed on him

by the Nation to separate him entirely from his home. Throughout his public career, he kept up a weekly correspondence with his steward, and personally directed the management of his plantation. Washington never left anything half done; he never did anything in a hurried or slovenly manner. He had acquired the magic of method. Washington was not an orator. In his youth, as he took his seat in the House of Burgesses, the Speaker eloquently thanked him, in behalf of his country, for his already distinguished services. Washington rose to reply, blushed, stammered, trembled, and could not utter a word. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker, "Your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

In the fullness of years, Washington wrote and delivered his Farewell Address, which will endure as long as the nation, on account of its wisdom and depth.

George Washington was brought up a Churchman. He was an intelligent and consistent member of the Anglican Church and its American successor. The fear of God pervades all his thoughts, words, and actions.

In the annals of America, the position of George Washington is unique. He is the founder of this country—the nation's father. It should, and will, venerate him. His high qualities and signal services will be recalled by a grateful people from year to year down through the ages. J. H. W., '11.

The physics students will be interested to hear of the chronoscope recently perfected by a scientist, which measures time to the millionth of a second, and is to be used in testing the speed of projectiles driven by modern high-power explosives.

Our Annual Prize Drill will occur on April 13, in Mechanics Building. All other school regiments will drill in the Arena this year, since Mechanics Hall has been previously engaged from the middle of April till the middle of May.

THE TROUBLES OF THE E. I. C.

IT seems to us that we have mentioned at some time or other that the Sanctum clock was going.

Well, we are happy to say that it has not gone yet. In that respect it is most unlike those restless E's, who are usually gone before the E. I. C. begins to look for them. Indeed, the clock is about the only thing in the Sanctum that ever sticks around there when it is wanted, with the exception, perhaps, of the paste-pot and the Sanctum Bore. And the Bore sticks most of all when he is not wanted.

If you can, without difficulty, imagine the "gift of the gab" straddling upon two stilts of legs, his hands in his trousers' pockets, and his head cocked on one side that he may the better squint critically over his peaked nose, you can easily imagine the Sanctum Bore. For this is the Bore.

When the serious work of editing a new number of "The Register" has actually begun,—usually late in the month, when necessity may serve as an inspiration,—when ink bottles have been uncorked and pens have begun scratching, when the Sanctum waste-basket begins to overflow with rejected effusions and the floor is littered, figuratively speaking, with gems in the rough, when, in a word, the School Spirit has, at length, been coaxed from its place behind the Sanctum clock and the editorial pen has been dipped and poised anew—then comes the Bore. Unmindful, unmerciful, he straddles in. Alack, alas! In an instant the School Spirit disappears in the clock, the editorial pen descends upon a clean sheet of fool's-cap with an extravagant smutch, and the E's, joyfully pushing away their work, unite in a thankful sigh of relief.

"Greetings!" bellows the Bore, sink-

ing into the softest Sanctum chair, "greetings!"

Then, hanging a stilt of leg upon the E. I. C.'s desk, and pillowing a foot in the waste-basket, he helps himself to a heap of the E. I. C.'s manuscript, and cocks his head a little more to one side.

"Splendid!" says the subtle flatterer, "that's fine! As excellent an 'ad' as ever I've seen!"

"'Ad!'" shrieks the E. I. C. "'Ad!'" And he thumped with his fist upon his desk, so hard that two brass-headed tacks fly out, and lie there, point up, in defiance.

"But—but, how dull of me!" quickly exclaims the Bore, rubbing an eyebrow vigorously. Of course, I should have said—er—"Alumni note!"

"Alumni note!" wails the E. I. C., raising his fist for another thump, but respectfully checking it in the nick of time and on the point of a tack. Then, sadly shaking his head, he turns slowly to watch the two A. E.'s, who are deeply engaged in a grinning contest.

The Bore is not slow to take this opportunity of setting himself right. Thrusting the manuscript before the eyes of E. No. Three, he beseeches that learned gentleman, in a whisper, to tell him, for goodness sake, what it is for!

"You've got me," replies E. No. Three. "I give it up—but wait! It seems to me I've read it somewhere before. Perhaps it's for 'Between the Bells.'"

At this the Bore bursts into laughter and playfully prods the ribs of the E. I. C. with his toe. "I see it!" he says, "I see it!" and the E. I. C., receiving this as a compliment, grasps his hand and shakes it heartily.

"That's a good one on me, all right,"

adds the Bore; and immediately the E. I. C. drops his hand.

"On you!—Do you mean mine?"

"Yours?—Oh! How dull of me, how dull of me! I had clean forgotten yours. How dull of me! But say, who's this Pip?"

The E. I. C., however, has wheeled, or to be more exact, has slid round in his chair, and now affects to be deeply engrossed in some yellow "copy," wrong side up.

But the Bore cocks his head a little more to one side. "It's no wonder he hides his name in a set of quotation marks, since he is too indifferent to the rules of fiction to save a beautiful maiden, and too indolent to deal out justice to a cowardly caitiff."

"What do you mean?" asks the E. I. C., forgetting to be busy.

"Have you not read his 'Frozen Flames?' What a bungle he has made of that! Now, if I were to tell that story"—and the Bore cocks his head a little more to one side—"I should make it, not so re-elastic by stretching it, but more realistic by concocting it. H-mm! First of all there should be a charming heroine—that is where Pip made his first mistake. He has stuck too closely to the cold facts!"

"Pshaw!" says the E. I. C., as much to arouse the E.'s, who have fallen asleep, as to express as briefly as possible his opinion of the Bore's criticism. Then, turning to the yawning E.'s, he expends not a few words in trying to incite in them an inspiration to "work up" something, and in reminding them of the need of hurrying. This done, it is necessary to wake them again; after which he turns to his own desk once more, nibbles off the point of his blue pencil, that he may sharpen it again, leans his head on one hand, and falls to work upon a new cereal story about Force, whose crispness he is trying to restore with fiery words.

The E.'s, having yawned themselves

into consciousness, gaze ruefully through the windows at the sunlight on the opposite roofs and chimneys, and sleepily wonder by the law of what physics phenomenon it never enters the Sanctum. Were it not, indeed, for the Bore, who, being unable to withdraw his foot from the basket, has fallen into a learned discussion on vari-colored socks and tinted ties—were it not, I say, for the Sanctum Bore, the E.'s would probably doze off again, and all would be well. But the Bore's foot is in the basket, the E.'s cannot sleep, and so they turn gloomily to their blank sheets of paper and begin to lick the paint off their pens.

"Yeow!" yawns E. No. One, at length, tossing his pen behind E. No. Three's ear—because there is no more paint on it, maybe—and stretching himself by means of setting-up exercise No. 4. "If you want my opinion of it, it's cruelty to humans!"

"Exactly!" says the Bore, with a learned cock of his head.

"Too bad to waste a good day like this!"

"My sentiments precisely! But why waste it? Let's ditch to the Gym and see the game."

"Bully!" cries E. No. One, kicking over a chair for joy, and then begging the Bore to make less noise, that the E. I. C. may not hear them. "Bully! But easy, old man, easy! I've had to bury my grandmother four times already this year, and I should hate to have it to do all over again on account of the E. I. C.—What!—what in thunder are you kicking that basket around for?"

"I've got my foot in it," says the Bore.

"I should say you have! Let's give you a hand. Now, then, all together; off she comes, and then we're off!"

E. No. One and the Sanctum Bore start for the door.

"Yeeaah!" ejaculates some one behind them, attempting to sigh and

yawn at the same time. E. No. One and the Bore stop in their tracks, and look back. It is E. No. Three who has come to, and who is now trying exercise four with both arms and legs.

"Let's take the poor fellow along!" says the Bore. "The more the merrier." And in a moment E. No. Three finds himself linked to the arms of the other two, and the trio tip-toe to the door.

On the threshold they are checked by another yawn. "Oh, lets take them all along!" cries the Bore. "We'll get reduced rates on the tickets, and buy peanuts for the surplus."

"But how about the 'copy'?" asks E. No. Three.

"Why, let Pip do it!"

Thereupon the Bore musters the other E.'s into line, and, locking step, they all tip-toed from the Sanctum, leaving the E. I. C. deep, ankle deep, in infant effusions. The clatter of their boots dies away in the distance of the corridor, the voice of the Bore dies hard in the distant drill hall, and the stillness which at length falls upon the Sanctum startles the E. I. C. from his profound contemplations. The silence of the place seems ear-splitting.

The E. I. C., unable to stand it longer, begins to pace the floor. It is then that the emptiness of the room begins to impress him. In the terrible predicament of one who knows he has lost something but cannot imagine what, the E. I. C. picks up the waste-basket, looks into it and under it, without discovering what it is he is looking for. But at length he remembers the Staff. "How swift they are!" says he to himself as he searches their desks for "copy"; but finding none, he instinctively looks into the basket again. However, no one is there; the staff is indeed gone. They have left nothing but a very brief note, which the E. I. C. hastily picks up and reads without even so much as putting his feet upon his desk.

"E. No. One—Grandmother dead.

Other E.'s—Gone to the funeral.

Result—Let Pip do it."

"What, again!" says the E. I. C. in surprise. "Oh, well, Pip, no rest for the weary!"

Then seating himself at his desk again, he draws a small mirror from his vest pocket, and settles himself for an hour's reflection. "PIP."

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The world's not bad
 When seen aright,
 The fault is oft
 With our own sight.
 Narrow visions
 May not see
 Beyond the shadows
 Sunlight free.
 Eyes that only
 On self turn,
 Seeing nothing,
 Nothing learn;

Learning nothing.
 Nothing know
 Of God's great goodness
 Here below.
 Of faces fresh
 With friendly glow.
 Of love and beauty,
 Nothing know.
 The best does ne'er
 In self abound;
 Above, beyond
 Ourselves 'tis found.
 "PIP"

SCHOOL NOTES

The Day now comes,
The busy bee now hums,
The idler weighs his monthly sums,
And totters 'twixt his "credits" and his
"plums."



At our celebration of the one hundred and second anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Feb. 10, Col. Horace Bumstead of New Haven, Conn., who graduated from this school, this "nursery of patriotism," in 1859, spoke to us about Lincoln in political life. After showing us the condition of the country in that time of bitter thought and strife, the relations between the North and the South, the intense feeling between abolitionists and non-abolitionists, the desperate situation with which Lincoln had to cope, he illustrated with what firmness, thoroughness, and simplicity Lincoln opposed his antagonists and won his way to the hearts of his countrymen. "Lincoln," said he, "used to take extraordinary pains with his speeches. I shall never forget one which I heard him deliver in New Haven. So little did I know about him then, that I even wondered whether it would be worth while going to hear him speak. However, I decided to listen to him a few minutes. There I saw that great, tall, lean, lanky sort of figure for the first time. No sooner did he begin to talk than he had us all in the grip of his hands. I stayed. So impressed was I by the man that I ran along with the band that escorted him from the hall to get another glimpse of him. Professor Hennessy, then at Yale, followed him and heard that speech again and again; then lec-

tured to his class on the rhetoric and logic of Lincoln's speech. It was a marvellous speech. It ranks up to the best efforts of Cicero and Demosthenes. . . . The gentleness and sweetness of his temper were shown on the most momentous occasions. Once, at an important conference with the Vice-President of the Confederate States, he had to wait some time for Mr. Stevens, who came late. Mr. Stevens, a little, shrivelled invalid, was wrapped up in innumerable coats and shawls, which had to be peeled off, one by one, on his arrival. Lincoln, sitting opposite him, watched the operation for a while, and then, with that sweet smile, remarked, "I never saw so much husk on so little a corn." So, with this little, delicious bit of humor, he introduced a matter of extreme delicacy. . . . Those old questions which stirred the country in those days will not have to be met again. We of Lincoln's generation are apt to think, 'O, you were born too late!' But there are other questions, questions of even greater importance, for you to settle; and I was born too early. But let them be settled in that spirit of devotion and earnestness that Abraham Lincoln showed throughout his whole career."



J. H. Whitman of New York gave a talk in the Hall last month, in which he emphasized the importance of clean wholesome, elevated thought, and of fair play in all one's dealings, putting no little stress on the value of being willing to face an issue. It was of very great interest, so we are told, to many of our football players, who are now firmly confident of eventually becom-

ing bankers.



The school will be interested in the following letter sent to the editor:

Dear Sir,—

There has been formed at Harvard the Boston Latin School Club of Harvard University by graduates of the Latin School. The Club was organized by the Class of 1910, B. L. S., the earlier classes coming in later to join in making the movement successful.

The purpose of the Club is to bring the Boston Latin School and its graduates into prominence at Harvard, giving to the School the position due it as the one sending more students to Harvard than any other school. In addition, the Club aims to aid the incoming classes from the Latin School in every way possible.

The organization meeting was held on Saturday, Jan. 7, 1911, in the room of R. G. Wilson, Jr., President of the Class of 1910, B. L. S. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: President, R. G. Wilson, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, W. A. Cleary, L. Herson; Secretary, A. H. Outbank; Treasurer, L. F. Fowler; Directors, A. I. Drew, P. M. Mazur, J. D. Ryan, F. L. Reardon.

An Auditing Committee of J. H. McLeod, 2d, E. T. Cohen, and H. A. Brickley, and a Membership Committee of J. A. Bradley, J. Sisonsky, and A. J. Mannix were also elected. There were present also, P. Eaton, J. Maloney, W. L. McLean and C. A. Connor.

On the desire of the other classes to join the Club, a meeting was held in Grays 8, the room of R. G. Wilson, Jr., for the purpose of re-organization. The constitution was discussed, and a committee to consider amendments

appointed, consisting of Reade, '02, Poland, '06, Howie, '07, Packard, '08, Coggeshall, '09, Fowler, '10, and Wilson, '10 chairman. The committee has not yet finished its work, but the Club hopes to be able to give a hearty welcome to the class of 1911, Boston Latin School.

Yours truly,
A. Heath Onthank,
Secretary.

We wish the Boston Latin School Club of Harvard University every success.



A good deal of interest was manifested by the school when the first list of belated students was posted on the bulletin board a while ago. It was at first believed that there was a competition among the various rooms, and it looked for a time as if a large number of competitors were eager to have their names set up before the eyes of the school; but the truth leaked out, and interest soon began to wane.



The excellence of our drum and bugle corps this year is worthy of note. Besides the regular pieces, they have tried two new ones—"Marching Through Georgia," and an old army song popularly known as "Chelsea"—with commendable results. Their success with "Marching Through Georgia" is in a great measure due to former Drum-Major Foster, who has very kindly taught the piece to the drummers, and to First Sergeant Severy, who has instructed the buglers.



Ice cream "bricks" have now been added to the lunch-room menu. Yet, even so, is it proper for the dissatisfied to aver that the ice cream is "on the rocks?"

A copy of "The Boston Transcript" is being sent daily to the school by the managers of that newspaper, and may be seen (sometimes) on the table in Room 18.



ON February 21, Washington's birthday was commemorated by exercises of the school in the Assembly Hall, according to the time-honored custom. But time brings its changes; and many of the school, especially the older fellows, missed the accustomed playing of Mr. Capen, who, ever since 1865, used to begin the day with patriotic airs. It was an interesting number, however, which was substituted. Under the leadership of M. F. Hall a small orchestra composed of Levi, Woodhull, Dimnick, Beane, and Levy, entertained the school with a medley of national tunes, ending with "The Star Spangled Banner." The Glee Club, too, was excellent. The pains which Mr. Henderson has taken in training his singers were fully appreciated in the happy result of his efforts. Justin M. Logan, President of the Graduating Class, read some selections from Washington's last oration with a deliberation and earnestness which made them much more striking and effective than usual. The declamation of B. R. Wilson was "Washington's Five Narrow Escapes," and W. F. Swett's was "The Immortality of Washington." Both were excellently given. On the whole, the program was carried out without a break, closing with the appearance of several "ghosts of former days," who, in the guise of a Hessian, an allied soldier of Louis XVI., and a soldier of the early American Republic, respectively, passed across the platform, in turn, and vanished into the thin air of the doorway. The last, however, remained

until the flag was brought in and saluted by the school. At one o'clock, an exhibition drill was held in the drill hall by the Third Battalion, which was attended with pleasure by many of our visitors as well as by most of the school.

The program, translated into the mother tongue, is as follows:

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

February 21, 1911.

While the boys, entering in order, are taking their seats, there will be music from the players of string and wind instruments.

I. With various measures of music pertaining to the love of country, a band of players will delight us. (Murray F. Hall, leader.)

II. At the invitation of the Headmaster, Malcolm Justin Logan will read aloud parts of the last oration delivered by the Father of his Country.

III. At the invitation of the Headmaster, Butler Roland Wilson will offer a declamation.

IV. Short selections by the orchestra.

V. At the invitation of the Headmaster, Louis Berman, Louis Rubin, and John Hallock Woodhull, will read aloud short pieces which they have written about the Father of his Country.

(a) As a soldier.

(b) As a statesman.

(c) As a man.

VI. Our band of singers will give a song. (Perhaps they may be persuaded to sing again.)

VII. At the invitation of the Headmaster, Washington Trevor Swett will give a declamation.

VIII. Certain men known to all will enter and pass across the platform.

(a) A German soldier brought over by the enemy for hire.

(b) An allied soldier of Louis XVI.

(c) A soldier of the early American Republic. (While they are passing by there will be measures of music appro-

priate to each.)

Music from the orchestra.

ALUMNI NOTES

Arthur Sweetser, B. L. S., '07, is business manager of "The Crimson" at Harvard.



Dr. E. E. Southard, B. L. S., '93, has been appointed Director of the Psychopathic Hospital, a large state hospital for treating mental diseases, that is now under construction in the Longwood District, Boston.



Philip S. Smith, B. L. S., '87, contributed a paper at the annual meeting of the Association of American Geographers, held at Pittsburg.



Evan W. D. Merrill, B. L. S., '92, has been elected to membership in the Harvard Club of Fall River, Mass.



A memorial concert was held by the Harvard Club of New York City on January 15 for the late James J. Higginson, B. L. S., '53, who was, at the time of his death, the president of the club.



Frederick J. A. Doherty, B. L. S., '04, is now a chemist at the Procter and Gamble Soap Works.



Walter Briggs Caldwell, B. L. S., ex-'92, died on Dec. 26 at St. Paul, Minn.

Mark M. Horblit, B. L. S., '01, has opened an office for the general practice of law in the Tremont Building, Boston.



Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, B. L. S., '82, pastor of the Arlington Street Church, is on a year's leave of absence.



Frederick C. Gay, B. L. S., '93, is Professor of Pathology and Director of the Pathological Laboratory in the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.



Dr. J. Collins Warren, B. L. S., '59, is on the committee whose business is to provide for the construction of the new chemical laboratories at Harvard.



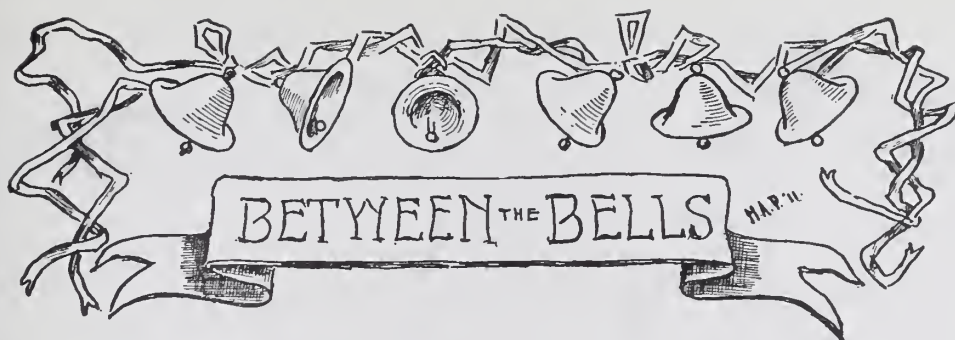
Grenville H. Norcross, B. L. S., '71, has been elected president of the Bostonian Society.



In the first handicap meet held in the new gymnasium at Dartmouth, A. G. Willey, B. L. S., ex-'10, was third in the three hundred-yard run.



Judge Robert O. Harris, B. L. S., '73, spoke at the annual dinner of the Harvard Club of Lynn, Mass. J. C. S. Andrews, B. L. S., '92, was also present.



How many of us get our marks on the installment plan?—one to-day, come tomorrow and get three more.



"That teacher over there makes little things count, I tell you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he teaches arithmetic to the sixth class."



We always wondered why many of the melancholy Room Eighteeners "hang around" the corridor near Rooms 14 and 15 during the lunch period. Now we know. 'Tis the sonata of "The Loosened Tile"—very pathetic little thing!—in the key of G Colonel, dumpcarto (meaning slow and stately), clack-clunk! clack-clunk! Haven't you heard it? Very pathetic little thing!



Mihi credite.

Take it from me, kid.



More Hot Air.

After the setting-up exercises.—"Now you may close the windows and open 'The Register' for a while, till we feel comfortable again."



Some one has hit the nail upon the head. It has come to us via wireless from some one of the lower classes on the top floor.—"When you know all you can, can all you know."

Visitor—"And how did Lucifer come to fall?"

Freshie—"He slipped on a thunder peal, sir."



Excited fellow—"Say, give me some small change for this bill, in a hurry, will you?"

Cashier—"All nickels?"

Excited fellow—"No, no; all silver, quick!"

Cashier—"Oh, all quicksilver!"



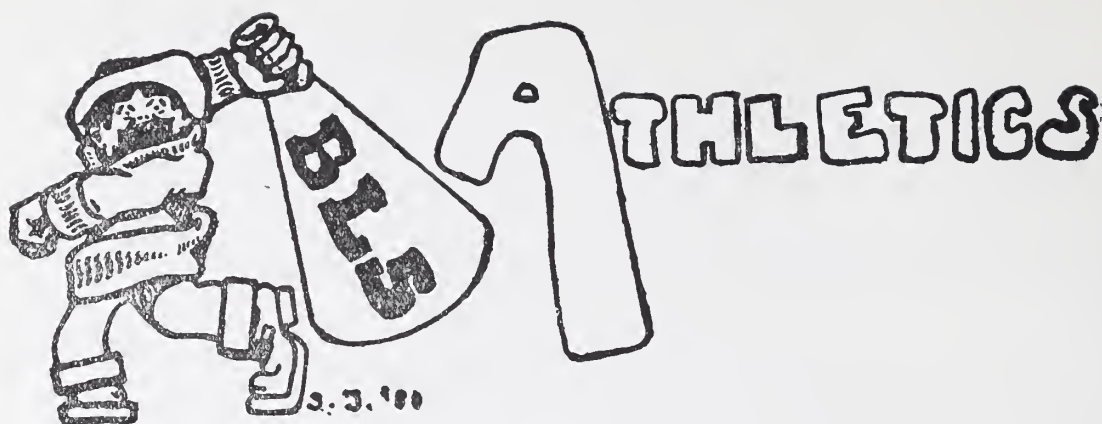
In the lunch-room—"So this is what you call angel cake, is it?—Humph! You can't make me swallow that."



Foggy? I should say so! Why, even the blind beggar on the corner had to take off his black glasses when he crossed the street!



Tommy was called upon in the Latin class to give the principal parts of the verb "delay." With a blank look on his face he nudged his companion, and asked, "Say, what is it?" His schoolmate replied, "Darned if I know!" Tommy's eyes brightened, and with a relieved expression on his face, he thundered out, "Darned-if-I-know, darned-if-I-nare, darned-if-I-navi, darned-if-I-natum."



Our relay team consisting of Hanlon, Levi, Knudson, and Phelan was defeated by the Newton High relay team at Newton, February 10.

At the Coast Artillery Corps meet in the Armory on February 18, our team won easily from the Quincy Y. M. C. A. In this race Craven ran instead of Phelan. Levi won second place in the 75-yd. dash.

Our track team met the English High School track team in the drill hall on Friday, Feb. 3., and was defeated, 45-27. It was three years ago that we last met the English High track team, and consequently, at this meet a large crowd was present. Although defeated, our team made a good showing. Bikofsky of the English High scored the most points, winning the first place in the thirty-yard dash and in the high jump. Knudson would probably have won the latter event, had he not slipped and fallen, so that it was impossible for him to make his full number of tries. Levi of the Boston Latin and Capt. Meanix of the English High School were the next best scorers, each securing a first and a second. Levi ran a good race in the 330-yard run, finishing well ahead of Meanix. He won second

place in the dash, also. Capt. Hanlon and Knudson both did well, the former getting second place in the 1000-yard run and in the hurdles, and the latter winning the hurdles and getting third in the high jump. Allen of the English High School ran the mile in 4 minutes, 59 3-5 seconds, which is a new record for the drill hall. He succeeded in "lapping all the runners except the two from the English High who secured the second and the third places. Read of the English High ran a good race in the 600-yd. run. In a mix-up on the first corner he fell, and although when he got up the runners were some distance ahead, he was able, nevertheless, almost to catch up with Sawyer, who won. Phelan of the Boston Latin School was third. Ferguson of the English High, captain of last year's Mechanic Arts team, won the 1000-yd. run in good time; Hanlon was second and Saladine third. The summary:

30-yd. dash—Won by Bikofsky, E. H. S.; Levi, B. L. S., second; Rock, E. H. S., third. Time, 4 2-5 s.

30-yd. hurdles—Won by Knudson, B. L. S.; Hanlon, B.L.S., second; Erving, B. L. S., third. Time 4 2-5 s.

300-yd. run—Won by Levi, B. L. S.; Meanix, E. H. S., second; Rock, E. H. S., third. Time 42 1-5 s.

600-yd. run—Won by Sawyer, E. H. S.; Read, E. H. S., second; Phelan, B. L. S., third. Time 1 m. 37 4-5 s.

1000-yd. run—Won by Ferguson, E. H. S.; Hanlon, B. L. S., second; Saladine, B. L. S., third. Time 2 m. 52 s.

Mile run—Won by Allen, E. H. S.; Canavan, E. H. S., second; Callahan, E. H. S., third. Time 1 m. 59 1-5 s.

Running high jump—Won by Bikofsky, E. H. S., height 5 ft. 2 in.; Washburn, B. L. S., second, height 5 ft. 1 in.; Knudson, B. L. S., third, height 5 ft.

Shot Put—Won by Meanix, E. H. S., distance 43 ft. 8 1-2 in.; McGaffee, E. H. S., second, distance 36 ft. 8 in.; Green, B. L. S., third, distance 35 ft. 4 in.

	E.H.S.	B.L.S.
30-yd. dash	6	3
30-yd. hurdles	0	9
300-yd. run	4	5
600-yd. run	8	1
1000-yd. run	5	4
Mile run	9	0
High jump	5	4
Shot Put	8	1
	—	—
Totals	45	27

The dual-meet with the Cambridge Latin School was in every respect a "run-away." Although no records were broken, we had an easy time of it with the "Cantals," who were out-classed at every point. Prior to the meet the B. L. S. supporters felt some uneasiness as to the outcome, but after the first event, sweat-shirts and bathrobes were hastily removed so that the gallery might view with admiration the purple bands. Levi and Knudson seemed to find no difficulty in capturing the events in which they entered, and Phelan and MacLellan won much praise as point-getters.

The most interesting and exciting event of the day was the 1000-yd. run won by Cusick. Duff scored a point. The praise for the fine work accomplished by the team should, in a great measure, be credited to Capt. Hanlon, who has kept his runners in steady training, and has developed great possibilities in his team.

HOCKEY.

Owing to the conditions of the weather, many of our games in this sport have had to be cancelled.

The games with the Arlington, the Roxbury Latin, the Newton, and the English High Schools have been either cancelled or postponed on account of poor ice.

On January 18 our hockey team played its first game, at Franklin Field. We were defeated by the Boston College High School 3 to 0. All the scoring was done in the first half, by Mullen of the B.L. High School. Heyer played well for the Latin School.

Our second game was played at Winthrop on February 16. The game resulted in a victory for our team over the Winthrop High, by the score of 3 to 0. Heyer, in this game also, did the best work on our side, scoring all three goals. The summary:

B. L. S.	WINTHROP
Heyer, f.	f., Lyons
Heath, f.	f., Mahoney
Webber, f.	f., Lewis
Enright, f.	f., Callard
Ruggles, c. p.	c. p., Vernor
Kenefick, p.	p., Bacon
Madden, g.	g., Mitchell

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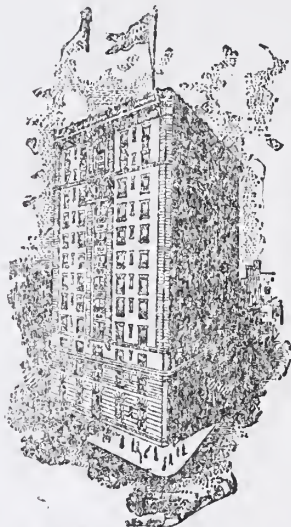
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